

# TAMING RIKI

## EXTRAS

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# It Happens Sometimes

Riki groaned, letting his forehead hit the dining table as he slumped forward.

“What is it, pet?” Iason asked.

“I don’t feel good.”

“Are you ill?” Concerned, the Blondie removed his glove and put his hand to Riki’s face. He frowned. “You’re not warm.”

“I feel funny. My tummy hurts.”

“Hmmm. I’ll have Heiku come over and take a look.”

“Dinner’s ready, Riki,” Daryl announced, setting a souptierine on the table with a smile. “This will make you feel better. It’s your favorite—mutton stew.”

“Oh,” Riki gasped, wrinkling his nose. “It smells bad, Daryl.”

“What?” Daryl frowned, looking at the stew. “It smells fine to me.”

“It smells delicious,” Iason confirmed. “Riki *must* be sick.”

“Does *anything* sound good, Riki?”

The mongrel perked up a little. “Yeah. I want some fried onion rings and ice cream.”

Daryl blinked at this, looking toward Iason.

“Goodness, pet. That’s an odd request.”

“That’s what I want. At the same time.”

At this, Iason pulled out his handheld and called Heiku, asking him to come over right away. “Riki’s ill,” he explained.

“I’m just down at the pavilion, so I’ll be up momentarily,” Heiku replied.

True to his word, Heiku arrived within a few minutes. “How long has he been feeling poorly?”

Iason looked to his pet. "How long, Riki?"

"For a few days. I figured it would go away. But it just keeps getting worse."

"What are the symptoms?" Heiku asked.

"I feel tired, my stomach hurts, I have to take a piss all the time, my nipples hurt, and I keep thinking about bunnies."

"Bunnies?" Heiku and Iason exchanged a perplexed look.

"Yeah, bunnies. And chickies. And...lots of cute fluffy little things."

"And just now he rejected his favorite dish," Daryl added.

"Any particular cravings?"

"He asked for ice cream and fried onion rings," the eunuch answered.

"I see. Open your mouth, Riki."

The mongrel did so, and Heiku peered inside.

"Yes, it's just as I feared." Heiku nodded.

"What is it?" Iason asked, frowning.

"He's pregnant."

"What! Pregnant!" Riki leapt to his feet.

"Are you sure?" Iason pressed.

"Yes. I've seen this before. He's definitely pregnant."

"I can't be pregnant! I don't have a uterus!" Riki cried.

Iason nodded. "Surely there's some mistake."

Heiku smiled. "Now, don't pretend you haven't sown plenty of seed in his field, Iason."

"I grant you that, but his terrain is *infertile*."

"Apparently not."

"But...you mean I'm going to have a baby?" Riki demanded.

"That's precisely what I mean. Generally speaking, when one refers to pregnancy, one makes an assumption that there is a baby involved, somewhere or another."

"But where will it come *out*?" Riki yelled.

"Let nature take its own course. She knows best."

"You didn't answer my question!"

Heiku shrugged. "It will come out wherever it can, I suppose."

“What? Don’t you know?” the mongrel pressed.

“Not really.”

“You said you’ve seen this before,” Iason pointed out.

“Yes, well. The other case came to a rather bad end, if I recall.”

“What are you saying?” Riki screamed.

“Calm down, pet,” Iason scolded.

“Calm? How can I be calm? Did you hear what he just said?”

Iason frowned. “Heiku, what do you propose we do?”

The Blondie sat back, crossing his legs lethargically. “I suggest let Riki have plenty of rest, give him whatever he wants, and when the time comes we’ll remove the baby surgically.”

The mongrel relaxed a little at this, finding Heiku’s suggestion that he rest and do whatever he wanted more to his liking. “How long will it take?”

“The usual, I should imagine. Four months.”

“Can’t we take it out now and grow it in a terrarium or something?” Riki demanded.

“It’s not a salamander, Riki. It’s a...er...that is, I’m not sure exactly what it will be. A mongrie. Or maybe a Blongel.”

“What about a shoebox, then?”

“It’s best that it stays where it is. Nature knows best.”

“But nature got a male pregnant!” Riki protested.

“All the same.” Heiku examined his nails before putting his gloves back on.

“Do we have to keep it if we don’t like it?”

“Riki,” Iason chided. “What a horrible thing to say.”

“What if it’s one of those kind that cries all the time?” the mongrel whispered.

“I’ll help take care of it, Riki,” Daryl offered. “And Katze will, too.”

Iason turned to Heiku. “Should we do anything special while we wait?”

“No. Well, that is, you might want to prepare for the new arrival.”

Riki blinked. “How do we prepare for that?”

Iason nodded, equally mystified. "Yes, how, Heiku?"

The Blondie shrugged. "Well, I imagine it will need some place to sleep. And clothes and the like. And toys—preferably cute fluffy ones. Perhaps you should learn to knit, Iason."

"I wouldn't have the slightest idea where to begin," Iason protested.

Riki giggled at the thought of the great Blondie knitting. "That's a good idea, Iason. You should take up knitting. Make little booties and stuff."

"You should come up with a name," Daryl suggested.

"Rufus is a good name," Heiku pointed out.

"We're not naming it Rufus," Riki announced.

"Well you must excuse me. I have another pressing matter to attend to," Heiku said, rising.

"Of course, Heiku. Thank you for coming." Iason showed the Blondie to the door.

"Where's my food?" Riki asked, glaring at Daryl.

The eunuch jumped up, running to the kitchen. "Coming right up!"

"I don't want to be pregnant," Riki whined, as Iason returned to the table.

"Hush now."

"Hey! I just thought of something! You can't spank me while I'm pregnant. You might hurt the baby!"

"That may be," Iason conceded. "However, I can still find other ways to punish you. And I'd be careful, if I were you, or you'll be in for the spanking to end all spankings as soon as that little one is born."

Riki ignored this, tickled over the prospect of four months to be naughty without recourse. As if to celebrate his freedom, he proceeded to run around the great hall, punctuating a few leaps with loud yelps. "Wooooooo!"

"Riki," Iason sighed, his eyes to the heavens.

"You can't spank me!" Riki announced, wiggling his ass in defiance.

“I’m pleased to see you’re feeling better.”

“I feel great!”

Daryl rushed back into the hall with Riki’s onion rings and ice cream and giggled when he apprehended the mongrel’s celebratory dance.

“I can do whatever I want! That’s what the bionic dude said!”

“That’s what Heiku *recommended*,” Iason clarified, “not what is necessarily going to happen.”

“Don’t you want what’s best for our baby?” the mongrel countered.

“Of course, pet. But go near that Vergatti and you’ll never be able to sit down again, baby or no. Now, come back to the table and eat.”

“Yay! Ice cream and onion rings!” The mongrel happily sat down at the table, grinning at his feast.

“Don’t expect to eat like this every day, Riki. You need good nutrition, especially now,” Iason remarked.

“What! But the bionic guy said—”

“His name is Lord Quiahtenon, to you.”

“Well, who can remember that?”

“It *is* an unusual name,” Iason conceded. “But his lineage harkens back to the ancient King of Icaria, Quiahtenon.”

Riki shook his head. “How can that be? I thought all you Blondies were made by Jupiter.”

“Yes,” Iason agreed. “But Heiku’s genetic code was modeled after King Quiahtenon.”

“Oh yeah? What about you? Are you modeled after a king?”

“No,” Iason replied, his gaze averted. “Jupiter designed my code herself.”

“Hmmm. That makes Jupiter sort of like your mother, then. Which means this baby will be her grand-kid!”

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So the months went by at the penthouse, everyone trying their best to keep up with the mongrel's constant demands. But as Riki's pregnancy progressed, he became increasingly irritable.

"My back hurts," He moaned one evening. "And my ankles are swollen."

"Come lay down on the divan and I'll massage your muscles for you," Iason offered.

"How can I lay down? My stomach is in the way."

"Lie on your side, then. Take off your shirt."

"Okay," Riki sighed, stripping off his shirt and trying his best to get comfortable. "I'll be glad when this thing pops out."

Iason smiled, running a hand over his pet's tummy. He found Riki's enlarged stomach endearing. "I can feel it moving."

"Yeah," Riki grumbled. "I wish he would quit fucking around in there. He's driving me crazy!"

"Heiku will be here the day after tomorrow to see if it's time for the surgery," Iason promised. "Does this feel good?"

"Yeah," Riki sighed. "You can stop rubbing my back now, though. Right now I don't want to be touched. I just want to lie here."

"Very well." Iason settled back in his chair, picking up his knitting. Not only had the Blondie learned to knit, but Daryl and Katze had learned as well, and the three of them sat around knitting in the evenings while Riki made various demands.

"I'm hungry," the mongrel announced, ignoring the fact that it was almost time for bed.

"What would you like, Riki?" Daryl asked.

"A Triple Chocolate Aristian Cake!"

"But Riki," Daryl whispered, "that's Tai's specialty. He's not in this story."

"Oh," Riki replied, frowning. "I wondered what seemed different."

"I need some more blue yarn," Katze demanded. "Iason, can I have some of yours?"



“No,” the Blondie replied, guarding his hoard suspiciously. “I need this to finish the blanket.”

“You can have some of my pink yarn, Katze,” Daryl offered.

“I don’t want pink!”

“Oh god,” Riki groaned.

“I’m sorry, Riki,” Daryl whispered. “What was it you wanted to eat again?”

“No, I mean...oh GOD!”

“What?” Iason leapt to his feet. “Is it time?”

“I don’t know but I think I might explode!”

“I’ll call Heiku,” Iason announced, rushing to the command center.

“Something...something’s happening!”

“Don’t move, Riki,” Katze ordered. “Try to relax.”

“How can I relax? It feels like...it feels like something’s coming out of my ass!”

“Erm...do you have to use the bathroom, Riki?” Daryl whispered.

“No, I don’t have to use the bathroom! I mean I think it’s...oh fuck!”

“No one panic,” Katze yelled, jumping up. Daryl began running aimlessly around the room as though unable to decide what to do.

Iason rushed to Riki’s side. “Is there anything I can do?”

“Give me an O-6!”

The Blondie frowned. “I think we should wait for Heiku.”

“Give me an O-6 or I’ll shove those knitting needles up your ass!”

The door hummed open and Heiku rushed in. “Ah, just in time, I see.”

“Just in time? It’s already coming out my ass!” Riki yelled.

“Natural childbirth is best,” Heiku answered.

“What do you mean *natural*? What’s natural about a baby coming out of a guy’s ass?”

“Is there anything we can do?” Iason asked, nervously.

“I suggest taking his pants off.”

“O-6,” Riki gasped.

“He needs some pain relief,” Iason prompted.

“Right.” Heiku nodded.

“So?”

The Blondie shrugged. “I left my bag at home.”

“What?!” Riki turned to Katze. “Katze, you have a stash, right?”

“Push, Riki, push!” Daryl advised.

Riki answered that by giving the eunuch a hard shove.

“Not *me*, Riki! The baby!”

“But I can’t...I can’t....arrgghH!” With that, the mongrel arched his back. There was a loud *POP!*

And there the baby was.

“Coo,” it said, blinking up at them with big blue eyes.

“Awwww,” everyone said in unison.

“It’s so cute! It has blonde hair and blue eyes like Iason!” Daryl proclaimed.

“What does it have of mine?” Riki demanded.

“It’s a *he*,” Heiku confirmed. “He’s definitely a Rufus.”

“His name is *not* Rufus,” the mongrel grumbled.

“Meep,” the little tyke said.

“Look, pet. He’s our baby,” Iason smiled, picking it up as soon as Heiku finished cleaning him.

The mongrel peered at the baby suspiciously. “Hmmm. How do I know he’s really MINE?”

With that, the baby reached out and yanked Iason’s hair.

“Ow,” the Blondie gasped, frowning.

Riki grinned. “Okay, so he IS mine.”

And thus the newly expanded family lived happily ever after.

# Another Day at Iason's Penthouse

Raoul stood in the doorway to the penthouse Library, hands on his hips.

“When are you going to finish with that?” he demanded.

“When I’m finished,” Iason replied, without looking up. His brow was furrowed as he concentrated on the book he had been studying, rather assiduously, for much of the afternoon.

“You’ve been at it for hours,” Raoul grumbled, moving inside the room, “and I’m bored.”

“It wouldn’t hurt *you* to spend a little time studying,” Iason chided, shooting him an annoyed glare. “How do you intend to pass your quarterly exams? The Syndicate rotations begin *next week*.”

“I’ll pass. And don’t give me that look, I’ll turn you over my knee and give you a good whatfor.”

“Hmmm. I’d like to see you try.”

“Oh?” Now Raoul moved behind the chair, pulling Iason’s hair to the side and bending down to offer a whisper-soft kiss to his bared throat. “You don’t think I could do it? You know I could. I’m stronger than you, and you know it.”

Iason made no reply, shivering a bit as Raoul began nuzzling his neck.

“You see? You like that. Come on, that’s enough studying. Let’s go to bed.”

“Raoul! I’m trying to study!” Iason pushed him away, exasperated.

Frowning, Raoul stood up straight. “That’s it.” He moved around to the front of the chair, grabbing Iason’s book and slamming it shut in front of the Blondie’s face. “I told you. You’re finished with studying. Get up. I’m in the mood for it, and I’ll have what I want.”

“Give me my book, Raoul,” Iason protested, reaching for the book, which Raoul now held above his head.

“No.” Raoul tossed the book behind him, and it landed awkwardly on the floor with a loud thud. “Get up. I want you. NOW.”

“Raoul! You...just *mangled* the spine!”

Now Raoul unfastened his trousers, releasing his massive erection and holding himself ready before his annoyed partner. “Fine. If you’re going to be stubborn, I’ll have you service me right here. Open your mouth.”

Iason turned his head away, scowling. “I’m not going to reward you. Raoul! I’m not in the mood.”

“But I am,” Raoul insisted. He moved onto the chair, straddling Iason’s legs. He seized Iason’s hand and removed his glove, guiding him down to his erection. “Come on. Ooohhh, Iason. I need it. Please?” He bent forward, kissing Iason’s exposed throat as he coaxed the reluctant Blondie into fondling him, his hand firmly over his lover’s. With his other hand, he quickly unfastened Iason’s trousers and slipped his hand inside, finding Iason’s claim that he was not in the mood, not altogether true.

“Aha! You’re aroused. You little tease! Oh! Iason, I’m begging you...let’s get into bed. I need to be inside you.”

Iason closed his eyes, breathing a little harder. “Very well,” he whispered, finally. “Perhaps for a bit.”

“You won’t regret it,” Raoul promised, triumphantly standing up and pulling Iason to his feet. “Come on. I’ll make you moan.”

A sudden noise startled them both, and Raoul turned around. "What was that? Who's there?"

"It must be Katze. My new attendant," Iason replied, frowning.

Raoul's eyes narrowed. "Is he *spying* on us?" He turned and, without even bothering to fasten his trousers, went to investigate, apprehending the frightened youth as he was attempting to flee. Raoul held him by the ear, scowling. "What do we have here? A nosy little eunuch?"

"Ow! Please...I," Katze's gaze instinctively lowered, for Raoul was sporting a massive erection that was now touching his thigh. "I was just...I couldn't help it. I was curious. I'm sorry!"

"How dare you! Insolent boy!"

Now Iason had risen, approaching them with a stern look on his face. "This is hardly the way to reward my decision to take you in, Katze. Perhaps I was mistaken, choosing you before your matriculation."

"What?" Raoul exclaimed. "Don't tell me he doesn't even have a certificate of standing? Why in the world would you do something like that? Are you out of your mind?"

"That's my own affair," Iason murmured, not wanting to admit that he had specifically chosen an inexperienced attendant so that he could finish the eunuch's training himself. Already Iason knew himself well, and he felt sure that the way he intended to run his household would be thought...perhaps by some...a bit unorthodox. The last thing he needed was an attendant who was unable to mold to his deviance, or who--even worse--would report his private affairs to those who might use the information to ruin his reputation.

Katze, suddenly fearing that his amazing stroke of good luck at being chosen by the new Head of the Syndicate was about to be horribly spoiled, turned to his Master, eyes wide.

"I'm sorry, Master. I know, it was quite...wrong of me. Please! It's just that...you and Master Raoul...are so very handsome, I couldn't resist watching."

Raoul, finding this flattery appealed to his ego, released Katze, looking him over as though for the first time. The eunuch was young, and rather attractive, although generally Raoul never paid any attention to attending servants. Raoul took his chin, turning his head to examine him.

"This one is rather good-looking," he remarked, as Iason moved in behind him. "I say we take him to the bedroom and have a bit of fun."

Iason made no answer at first, feeling mostly annoyed with Katze. But he couldn't deny that the eunuch was appealing, with his soft, reddish hair and wide, frightened eyes--it was the reason he had selected him, for he had simply liked the way Katze looked. Indeed, it was almost a shame the boy wasn't a pet, for it would have been entertaining to watch him perform. His modification had been a waste, and Iason had, admittedly, found his gaze rather intimately engaged when the surgeon had come to examine him in preparation for the procedure, smiling when Katze had responded sexually to the physician's clinical touch, his face flushing nearly as red as his hair.

Katze, unsure what was meant but "have a bit of fun," looked alarmed, wondering exactly what was in store for him. Physical discipline? Raoul was known to be a brutal disciplinarian. In fact--the Blondie even carried around a kasey-whip, for no good reason other than that he like to scare pets with it, snapping it in front of their faces as he strolled through the pavilion.

But Raoul, of course, had other things in mind.

"I...won't do it again," Katze whispered, rather meekly, his heart beating hard in his chest.

"No, you won't," Iason agreed.

"So? Shall we adjourn to the bedroom? I'm afraid we'll have to punish you, Katze. So I hope that mouth of yours can open as wide as your eyes."

"Um," Katze murmured, flushing a deep scarlet. "Excuse me, Lord Am?"

“You heard me. Get going, I’m feeling a bit impatient. We’re going into the bedroom now--that’s it,” Raoul pushed Katze toward the room, smiling when Katze tripped over his own feet and stumbled into the room. “Clumsy boy! Don’t they teach you to walk at the Service Academy? Now, take off your clothes, and I’ll have you...let’s see...I think I’ll have you get on your hands and knees on the bed.”

“We could be reprimanded for this, Raoul,” Iason whispered.

“What? We’re punishing him. It’s well within our right to discipline him however we see fit.”

“It’s...highly deviant, as you well know.”

Now Raoul leaned close to Iason to whisper in his ear, “So is everything else we do, my love. Now be a good Blondie and get on the bed. I’ll have both of you, one after the other.” Raoul gave his ass a little smack, which Iason responded to with a scowl, furrowing his brow as though offended.

Katze slowly proceeded to undress, straining to hear what the Masters were whispering about. His fingers shook as he tried to unbutton his long tunic, finding the formal eunuch garment exceedingly difficult to remove with both Blondies watching him. Surely...they didn’t mean to toy with him...sexually? But was that really punishment? If they intended it to be punishment, then neither understood him very well, for this was exactly the sort of scenario Katze fantasized about--indeed, *wished* for. He must be mistaken. Yet how else could he interpret Raoul’s remarks? The Blondie was soliciting fellatio, he was certain of it.

Raoul began stripping as well, rather quickly, as he had worked himself into an extremely aroused state. “Iason! Why are you just standing there? Get those clothes off and lie back on the bed, didn’t you hear me?”

“Whatever for? You’ll be spent in about 30 seconds, from the looks of you,” Iason teased, for Raoul’s cock was throbbing comically in the air.

“And you know I’ll be ready again in about fifteen minutes,” he retorted. “And then I’m giving you a good ramming. So obey me.”

“I obey no one,” Iason replied, languidly, though he proceeded to remove his clothes as Katze watched, his eyes round and wide, a delighted grin turning the corners of his lips.

“We’ll see about that! Katze! Are you going to spend the next year unbuttoning that tunic? Hurry up!”

“Yes, Lord Am,” Katze murmured, struggling not to laugh.

The Blondie was holding himself almost painfully, wincing. “What are you smiling about! You heard me! Oh, for the love of Jupiter! Forget the tunic, just...take off those pants and get on your hands and knees, on the bed. Facing me, idiot! No wait. Turn back around.” Raoul, suddenly impatient, grabbed hold of Katze’s hips, pressing himself up to the eunuch’s portal.

“Have a little pity on him, Raoul,” Iason scolded. “Were you planning just to plunge in?” He tossed Raoul the vial of oil he always kept by the bed.

Raoul caught it, eagerly pouring the oil onto his cock. “Ohhhh! Eunuch! Don’t you dare move!”

Katze waited, feeling a bit frightened of what was coming, but at the same time, utterly thrilled to find himself suddenly between Iason’s legs, staring down at his cock. Raoul rubbed the excess oil onto Katze’s ass, spreading him a bit as he pushed himself up against him. “Blast. It won’t...go in!” Raoul stuck a finger inside him, wiggling it around a bit to open him.

Iason watched Katze’s expression, intrigued. “What do you think of me, Katze?” he whispered, thrusting his pelvis forward a bit.

“Oh...Master...you are...absolutely...OOWWGH!!!” Katze cried out when Raoul finally managed to sink into him, his eyes rolling back from the pain.

Iason smiled. “What was that?”

“Holy shit,” Katze gasped, instinctively moving forward in an attempt to escape the Blondie’s impossible girth.

Raoul sunk his fingers into Katze’s hips, groaning as he pulled him back into position. “Eunuch! I told you not to move...oh yes...this...stay just like this.”

“Master, please,” Katze whimpered. “It hurts...rather a lot.”



“You’re being punished, Katze. Or have you forgotten?” Iason replied, coolly. “Now, I’ll have you pleasure me while Raoul is finishing up.”

“Finishing up?” Raoul protested, grumpily. “I’ll have you know I can last...at least a few....ohhhhhhhh!”

“You heard me, Katze.” Iason stared up at the pretty boy, eyes smoldering with lust, as he offered his erection to him. “Flick your tongue over the top,” he instructed, smiling slightly when Katze obeyed.

“Holy mother of Amoi,” Raoul breathed, withdrawing with a shudder.

“Good. Very good, Katze,” Iason whispered. “That’s nice. Just like that.”

Katze, feeling a bit relieved to have Lord Am out of his ass, now turned all his attention and enthusiasm to pleasuring his Master, who was now running his fingers through his hair in a manner that the eunuch found decidedly erotic. He wished with all his being he was still equipped to enjoy the occasion properly, but even in his current state his heart was pounding hard.

“Oh! Katze,” Iason closed his eyes, allowing his head to fall back on the bed. “I like that. I like that, very much.”

Katze was basking in his Master’s praise, enjoying the moment, and then gave a little start when he felt Raoul grab him by the hair and pull him away--a bit roughly, at that.

“That’s enough,” Raoul growled, suddenly jealous of the response Katze had elicited in his lover. “Let me show you how it’s done.”

Iason opened his eyes, his lips curled in a teasing smile. “I was enjoying that, Raoul. I think maybe Katze could show *you* a thing or two.”

The Blondie frowned. “That’s not funny.”

Katze struggled not to smile, instinctively bringing a hand to his mouth. The movement was not lost on Raoul, who scowled at him. “What are you smirking at?” he demanded.

“Nothing, Lord Am.” Katze managed to pull a deadpan expression, gazing back at him with innocent eyes.

“Hmmm.” Now Raoul turned his attention to Iason, sliding a hand around his cock and fondling him for a moment. “For that little remark, I’m going to give you a ramming you won’t forget,” he whispered.

“With what?” Iason challenged.

“Give me a moment! You’ll find out with what!”

Katze was biting his lip, desperately trying not to laugh.

“You!” Raoul snapped, turning to him. “You have five minutes to arouse me, otherwise I’ll find my kasey and give you the whipping of your life. Get to work.”

“Yes, Lord Am,” Katze murmured, moving obediently behind him as Raoul bent down to service Iason, his knees on the bed and his ass in the air.

He stared at the Blondie’s proffered rump for a moment, uncertain what to do. Then he reached out and rubbed it, tentatively.

Raoul stopped his ministrations, turning to look back at him. “What are you doing? Use your tongue.”

Katze flushed scarlet, realizing then what the Blondie wanted. He moved up behind him, feeling a bit uncomfortable about proceeding. Not that he wasn’t perfectly capable of such lingual intimacy, but it seemed somehow a great leap in his dealings with Raoul heretofore, even with Lord Am’s recent acquisition in mind, to suddenly stick his tongue up the great Blondie’s ass.

But he did so, and once he was committed to this new level of familiarity, he found he rather enjoyed himself, reaching between Raoul’s thighs to encourage his quickly developing erection.

The tiny moans and sounds that escaped the Blondie pleased both Katze and Iason, for every time Raoul moaned, Iason did, too, enjoying the vibration of his mouth on his engorged member. And suddenly, Iason was shuddering, a long moan escaping his lips as he met his rapture.

At this, Raoul got up on his knees, watching him for a moment before flipping him onto his stomach. Katze moved away, feeling dismissed from his duties when the Blondie gave him a firm shove, without even making eye contact. Then Raoul had Iason by the hips, entering him with an almost angry thrust and a grunt. Iason gave a little gasp, much to his partner's delight.

"You felt that, did you? Here's the ramming I promised you!" With that, Raoul proceeded to give Iason a thorough fucking, thrusting so hard that the headboard slammed into the wall.

"You needn't be quite so rough, Raoul," Iason protested, frowning.

"I'll be just as rough as I please, and it will teach you to think twice before you question my ability to do so."

"Raoul! I told you, not so rough!"

"Hush!" Raoul gave Iason's hip a rather noisy slap, ignoring him as he proceeded with his aggressive fucking agenda.

Katze tried his best not to laugh, but finally, an almost girlish giggle escaped him.

"You! Get out!" Raoul ordered, pointing to the door. "And if I catch you spying on us again, next time I'll give your eunuch ass such a taming, you'll never be able to sit down again!"

"Yes, Lord Am," Katze replied, bowing, though as soon as he turned to leave the room he broke out into a grin. He could hear Iason continuing to berate Raoul, who, keeping the Blondie firmly where he wanted him, finished his project with a mighty groan.

"You see? I told you. One right after the other," Raoul gloated, trying to catch his breath, as he withdrew and collapsed onto the bed, arms over his head. "I gave you a good ramming, too. Ha! Raoul Am is Master of All! Now you can get back to your studying." He closed his eyes, then opened them with a start when he felt the cold steel of cuffs snap shut around his wrists. He yanked on his wrists, surprised to find them firmly chained to the headboard.

Iason stood over him, smiling, arms crossed on his chest, Raoul's kasey-whip in one hand. "Not quite yet. Did you really think I would let you get away with that, with no recourse whatsoever?"

Now it's time for *your* punishment, Raoul. We'll see who's *really* Master of All." With that, Iason gave the whip a little snap, then brought it down across the front of Raoul's thighs.

The Blondie howled, and Katze, who had, of course, snuck back to peek in at the Blondies, covered his mouth with his hand to keep from snorting his glee, as he watched Raoul's "punishment" at the hand of Iason Mink.

And that is the end of this wee tale--and just another day at Iason's penthouse.

# How Lord Am Came Upon a Eunuch

“Ah, Katze,” Iason called, as he spied the eunuch leaving the penthouse. “I need you to run an errand for me. Actually, it’s a bit more than an errand.”

“Yes?” Katze stopped, a bit surprised. It had been a long time since Iason had made a specific request from him. He had been there to visit Daryl, and the two of them had been planning for Daryl’s move to Katze’s apartment. Iason had given them permission to begin the move the following week.

“I need you to attend Raoul tonight. Yui has gone to visit old friends in Midas, and Raoul called to ask if you might be available. He prefers you over a Temporary from the Service Academy because he says you know how to cook.”

Katze smiled at this, pleased with the compliment. It had been years since he had made dinner for Raoul—not since the days Raoul and Iason had been lovers. He agreed to attend the Blondie and so left the penthouse and made for Raoul’s apartment on the second floor.

He was thinking about how odd it was that Yui gone to visit his old friends in Midas. In all the years Yui had served Raoul, Katze couldn’t recall a single instance when the Blondie had allowed him to return to Midas for pleasure. But, of course, Yui enjoyed special privileges with his Master now.

He waited at the door, surprised at first when Raoul answered before he remembered that Yui was gone.

“Ah! Wonderful. Come in.” Raoul motioned him inside, returning to his big red chair by the fire.

“What can I get you? A drink? Dinner?” Katze asked, following him inside.

“Both. A cognac. And for dinner, can you make those broiled steaks like you used to? With that garlic bread!”

“Of course. I’m surprised you remember. And for dessert?”

“Cherry pie. And make enough for your own dinner.”

“Yes, Sir.” Katze moved to the bar and poured the Blondie a drink.

Raoul settled back in his chair, seeming very pleased with himself. “This is going to be splendid. I can taste those steaks now. Oh! And while I’m thinking of it, when you have a chance, can you please straighten up the messes that darned kitten made everywhere?”

Katze nodded, trying to suppress a smile. The penthouse looked as though it had been turned on its head, and it was just like Raoul to not even attempt cleaning it up.

“Of course, Lord Am, but I won’t be able to attend to it until after dinner. If you prefer, I can have Housekeeping come up.”

“Goodness, no. I’ll not have those brainless gossips snooping about my home! No, you may wait until after dinner.”

“Yes, Sir.” Katze went into the kitchen, wondering if it was even stocked with the dishes Raoul had requested. He opened the cooler and found several large, thick steaks. There was fresh bread already on the cutting board, and with a little more searching he found the garlic and butter he needed. There were also ingredients for a salad, so he pulled those out as well. In no time he had the steaks broiling and the bread in the oven. Next he found a large tub of fresh sour cherries and began working on the pie.

“It smells divine,” Raoul announced from the other room. “When will it be ready?”

“Soon, Lord Am,” Katze called, shaking his head. He’d been in the kitchen all of ten minutes, at the most.

“It’s insufferable! I haven’t eaten all day!”

*You’re* insufferable, Katze thought. “Why didn’t you call in food from the pavilion?”

“Certainly not. I never eat restaurant food, if I can help it.”

Katze worked quickly and soon had a cherry pie baking in the oven. He tossed the salad and then checked on the steaks and the bread—both were ready—so he rushed into the dining room to set the table for Raoul.

“Set a place for yourself as well,” Raoul ordered.

Katze was so surprised he nearly dropped the plate. Raoul wanted him to eat at the table? He smiled to himself. This was Yui’s influence, no doubt.

“Yes, Sir,” he murmured.

He set the table and then carted in the food. Raoul rose, seeming extraordinarily pleased. “It looks marvelous. Sit down, Katze. Keep me company.”

Although Katze felt, at first, a little uncomfortable sitting at the table with the great Blondie, he soon relaxed as Raoul began complimenting his cooking.

“Superb! Absolutely perfect! You must teach Yui your secrets, Katze.”

It was all Katze could do to keep from laughing. There was nothing special about his preparation. The steaks were rubbed with a bit of garlic and broiled. The bread was simply spread with garlic and butter and then baked.

“Talk to me,” Raoul commanded, as he stuffed his mouth with food.

“Um...well, so Yui’s gone to Midas?”

“Yes.” Raoul seemed disinclined to discuss this, so Katze broached another topic.

“I guess Pixie has been a lot of trouble?”

“Oh! That blasted creature! He knocks down everything in sight. He’s been that way ever since Yui left.”

“Hmmm. You *did* remember to feed him, didn’t you?”

Raoul looked thoughtful for a moment. “Feed him? No...surely he doesn’t need fed every day.”

Katze smiled. “I think, Lord Am, if you fed him, his behavior might improve.”

“I don’t know what he eats,” Raoul protested, shrugging dismissively.

“Surely Yui left you with instructions of some kind?”

“I’ve missed this bread!” Raoul exclaimed, seeming distracted. “Instructions? I don’t know. He might have. I don’t know where they are.”

Katze shook his head at this, forgetting himself until he saw Raoul’s annoyed look.

“Are you shaking your head at *me*?”

“No, Sir. I apologize.”

Raoul frowned. “Let’s have it. Be blunt. What were you shaking your head about?”

“Well,” Katze began a little uncertainly, “it’s just that you haven’t even made an effort to take care of things while Yui is gone.”

“And why should I? I’m a Blondie. It’s not my responsibility to attend to menial tasks.”

“True, but you wouldn’t have been hungry all day if you’d simply gone into the kitchen to make a sandwich or something.”

“I don’t know how to make a sandwich,” Raoul replied.

“Forgive my saying so, but I find it hard to believe you’re as helpless as you make out. You’re highly intelligent. You simply refuse to do anything because you feel it’s beneath you.”

Raoul took another bite of his steak, nodding. “Quite so. It is, indeed, beneath me. However, I must say, this food is so delicious that I’m tempted to hire you as our chef.”

“I don’t think Yui would be too happy about that,” Katze said quickly, hoping to discourage him from pursuing such a design. “He’d feel you didn’t like his cooking.”

Raoul seemed to consider this, nodding. “That’s true. I wouldn’t want him to think that. He’s a fine cook.”



“I’ll teach him how to make this meal, then.”

“Please do.”

Katze visibly relaxed, starting in on his steak. Raoul watched him, noticing perhaps for the first time how attractive the eunuch was. The scar on his face didn’t really detract from his rugged, handsome features. Katze was wearing a tank that revealed his muscular arms. Yes, he was attractive, no question. It was too bad he was a eunuch. It would have been interesting to see him naked and aroused.

Katze looked up and found Raoul studying him with an unmistakable look of lust. He felt his cheeks flush scarlet, and he looked away. Surely he was imagining it.

“I smell that pie,” Raoul stated.

“Oh. I’d better check on it.” The eunuch jumped up and went into the kitchen, finding the pie not quite done. He heard a noise and looked toward the pantry, spying a movement there. Smiling, he opened the door to the pantry and found Pixie waiting impatiently, both his empty food and water bowls upside down and pushed into the corner as if in protest.

“Meow,” Pixie cried, a little pathetically.

“Aw. Poor thing. Bet you’d like something to eat, huh?”

Excited, and finding Katze’s attention promising, Pixie began to purr, moving between his legs as the eunuch found his food and filled up his bowl. He then gave him fresh water and spent a few moments petting the friendly creature.

“What are you doing in there?” Raoul called impatiently. “Come back in here. And bring some more bread.”

“Yes, Sir,” Katze called back, rolling his eyes. The Blondie could be demanding, no question. The pie was ready so he took it out of the oven and returned to the dining room with more fresh bread.

“I need more wine,” Raoul announced, digging into the bread basket without further comment.

“It’s right there,” Katze replied, pointing to the wine bottle a little irritably.

Raoul stared at him for a moment, motionless. "I beg your pardon?"

"I said," Katze began, and then paled, realizing his error. "Yes, of course, Lord Am. Forgive me." Katze poured some wine into the Blondie's glass as Raoul watched, a slight smile turning his lips.

"You still have a bit of the rebel in you, even after all this time," Raoul remarked.

"Forgive me. I am not accustomed to attending. I forgot myself."

"Yes, you did. And of course I shall have to punish you."

Katze frowned. "Punish me?"

"Yes, yes, you must be punished. Although I will go easy on you to reward you for your superb cooking. Where's that pie?"

"Coming right up."

"A scoop of frozen creams with it, Katze."

"Of course, Lord Am."

Katze rushed about, doing his best to please Raoul. He cleaned up the dinner dishes and the kitchen and then picked up the countless small messes Pixie had made throughout the apartment. And all the while he attended to the Blondie's various demands for comfort—bringing him drinks and stoking the fire, and then bringing him one book after another as Raoul tried to find something to amuse him.

When at last he had finished straightening and cleaning, Katze felt exhausted. He was drenched in sweat. He was just about to turn down the Blondie's bed when Raoul surprised him, coming up behind him in the hall.

"Katze."

The eunuch nearly jumped out of his skin. He turned around, eyes wide.

Raoul held out a silk robe to him. "You've done enough for one night. Go shower and get ready for bed. You can wear this."

Katze nodded, relieved. A nice long shower would feel heavenly, and he was so tired that he could hardly see straight. Somehow he managed to stumble into the shower turn the water on, and for

several long moments he simply stood there, enjoying the feel of the cool water on his sweat-drenched skin.

After his shower he donned the silk robe and then padded uncertainly down the hall, wondering where he was to sleep.

“Come here, Katze,” Raoul called, from the Master bedroom.

Katze peered into the bedroom, and then froze, staring at the Blondie in surprise. Raoul was sprawled out in the bed, completely naked, fondling himself.

“Sir?”

“Come here. Did you think I’d forget your punishment?”

The eunuch blinked at this, not quite sure what to think.

“Take off that robe.”

“Yes, Sir,” Katze answered, though he felt a little ashamed to suddenly be standing naked in front of the great Blondie.

Raoul examined him, nodding. “Very nice. Now, come over here and pleasure me.”

“Pleasure you?”

“With your tongue.”

Katze blushed. “This is my punishment?”

The Blondie seemed to derive a bit of pleasure from his discomfort, his eyes gleaming. “Part of it. After you pleasure me, I shall take you. Come lie down on the bed next to me.”

Katze hesitated for a moment, and then slowly approached him, crawling a bit awkwardly onto the bed.

“Are you frightened?” Raoul asked, smiling.

“Um....”

“Don’t tell me this is your first time?”

“Well, no.”

“Did Iason take you?”

Katze almost replied, and then caught himself. “What happens in a Master’s household is kept in the strictest confidence by his attendants,” he answered.

“Quite right,” Raoul agreed, pleased with this answer.

In the next moment the Blondie was on top of him, pinning his wrists to the bed above his head as though he expected him to resist.

“And I expect the same of you,” Raoul whispered. “You shall say nothing about what I am about to do to you.”

Katze shivered a little at this, finding the restraint extraordinarily erotic. He could feel Raoul’s immense organ against his thigh, feel it moving and twitching. Next Raoul kissed him so violently that Katze made a little sound of protest. The Blondie ignored this, continuing to kiss him, his tongue thrust deep into the eunuch’s mouth. He finally pulled away, bending down to bite Katze’s throat.

“Oh!” Katze cried, when he felt a hard bite. Raoul bit him again, eliciting another yelp.

The Blondie only laughed at this, a low, sensual laugh that sent Katze’s heart racing. “I like it when you cry out.”

“That actually hurts,” Katze protested.

“Have you forgotten? This is your punishment.”

“Master Raoul, forgive me, but I don’t believe I deserve to be punished. I cooked for you, cleaned up after you and waited on you hand and foot.”

The Blondie looked a bit annoyed with this, frowning, his eyes dark with displeasure. “Such insolence,” he answered. “You’ve only done your duty as an attendant. And for questioning me, I shall have to be very severe on you.” The Blondie bit him again, even harder.

“Ow! Dammit, Raoul!”

Raoul was so surprised at this that he released Katze, who immediately squirmed away.

The Blondie quickly collected himself, grabbing the eunuch by the wrist and attempting to yank him back onto the bed. “How dare you address me in such a familiar and disrespectful fashion!”

“For the love of Astrajia, you were about to rape me! That’s not good Blondie conduct and you know it.”

Raoul frowned at this, looking a little uncertain. “Come now, I was hardly going to rape you.”

“Oh? What do you call it?”

“I told you. Punishment.”

“Hmmm. And I told *you* I don’t think I deserve to be punished. If you want sex, just say so. I’m happy to oblige. Just ask me nicely and no more biting.”

“Truly?” Raoul asked, looking relieved. Although he had been looking forward to a more violent acquisition, he was satisfied just to be serviced. He rolled onto his back, holding himself ready, as he spread his thighs apart, his legs bent at the knees. “Then, Katze, would you be so kind as to fellate me?”

The eunuch couldn’t help but smile at his sudden courtesy. “Certainly, Lord Am.” He crawled between the Raoul’s legs and the Blondie assisted him by spreading his thighs. Katze took hold of his erection and began sucking him, wiggling his tongue wildly.

“Oh my,” Raoul gasped. “That’s most excellent. Keep doing that.” He reached down and ran a hand through Katze’s hair. “Mmmm. That’s magnificent. You have a talent for it.” The Blondie swallowed hard, his eyes rolling back as the pleasure shot through his body. “Sweet Mother—Katze!”

Raoul put his hand on Katze’s shoulder, pushing against him urgently.

The eunuch paused, looking up at him. “Yes?”

“I would very much like to put my cock up your ass, if I may.”

Katze almost laughed at Raoul’s rather stilted way of speaking, but decided this was the Blondie’s way of “asking nicely.”

Raoul was watching him anxiously, holding his cock as though afraid it might erupt.

“What position?” Katze replied, arching a brow seductively.

The Blondie’s lips curled into a devious smile, and he seemed to be giving the matter some thought. As he slowly fondled himself, he brought his other hand to his chin. “What a question. What a question, indeed.”

Katze smiled, finding the Blondie’s deliberately unhurried approach to the choice of sexual position extremely erotic.

Raoul reached for a vial of oil on his bedside table, pouring its contents onto his cock with a slight hiss. “I think I shall have you on

your hands and knees. Yes. Spread your legs apart and put your head down on the bed.”

The eunuch obeyed, and Raoul quickly repositioned his body behind him, inserting a well-oiled finger past his portal.

Katze gasped, unprepared for the Blondie’s size.

Raoul laughed, delighted. “That is only my finger. You feel that, do you?”

“Yes, actually,” Katze whispered.

“And this?” Raoul inserted a second finger.

“Oh!”

“You shall feel more of me, before the night is through. I am going to stretch you, Katze.”

The eunuch shivered at this promise, delivered with such seductive calmness. He already felt full of the Blondie, and Raoul had but two fingers inside him. Suddenly he felt a bit anxious about offering himself. What had he been thinking?

Raoul slowly withdrew his fingers and Katze, suddenly panicking, bolted. He just managed to get off the bed but had not even made it to the bedroom door; Raoul grabbed him from behind, his arms tight around his body. “Where are you going?” he whispered, his cock rolling and twitching against the eunuch’s leg. “I’m not finished with you. We haven’t even started.”

“I retract my offer. Forgive me, Lord Am, but—”

“Oh, no. You cannot retract your offer,” Raoul answered, laughing, his voice deep and sensual. “No, indeed.” He gently nibbled on Katze’s ear, and then bit his neck again.

The eunuch yelped, suddenly feeling a bit alarmed. “Please, Lord Am—”

“That’s it. Beg,” Raoul answered, lifting Katze up off the floor and then throwing him facedown on the bed. Before the eunuch had a chance to respond, Raoul was on top of him, pinning his wrists to the bed, his body pressed hard against him. “Perhaps we’ll try this position instead.”

“This is hardly acceptable Blondie conduct,” Katze pointed out again, rather desperately.

But the Blondie had reached the point of no return; the threat no longer held sway when his cock was so close to the roost. He wiggled his hips to position his erection up against the Katze's portal as he kept his wrists pinned firmly to the bed.

"Is this the way to treat me after I've waited on you hand and foot? If you don't stop, I won't give Yui that recipe!"

Raoul hesitated, frowning. "You mean the steaks and garlic bread?"

"That's right! I'll carry it to my grave!"

The Blondie sighed, releasing him. "Let me at least come on your face."

"Yeah, all right," Katze agreed, immediately rolling onto his back.

"Open your mouth," Raoul ordered, as he began pumping himself. He straddled the eunuch and then, in then, with a few grunts and groans, he released his seed, watching it spray onto Katze's lips and chin. "Sweet mother," he gasped, eyes rolling back.

And that is how Lord Am came upon a eunuch.

# Riki's Rebellion

Riki paced through the penthouse, brooding. He scowled at Daryl, who had been chasing him around with a hairbrush, attempting to groom him before Iason returned home.

"Would you quit waving that at me?" the mongrel grumbled, swatting the boy's hand away when he once again attempted to brush his hair.

"But, Sir Riki, Master Iason will be home soon. He expects you to be ready for him."

"I'm fine just as I am."

"Excuse me, but your hair needs brushing."

"Touch me again and I'll kick you in the balls!"

Daryl blinked, his eyes filling with tears.

Riki, realizing the boy was about to cry, frowned, suddenly remembering that Daryl was a eunuch. He sighed, collapsing into Iason's big green chair. "All right. Sheesh. Brush it a little if it will help calm you down."

Daryl smiled, happy to finally get access to the mongrel's hair, which, though beautiful, was rather unkempt.

"So, they really whack your dick off, huh?" Riki asked, after a moment.

"Yes. All attendants undergo modification."

"Modification?" the mongrel laughed. "Is that what they call it? And you *agree* to it?"

The gentle, gray-eyed youth was silent for a moment, continuing to brush out Riki's dark hair. "Most attendants do so willingly."

"Hmmm. Does that mean you *weren't* willing?"



“I was just a boy,” Daryl replied, lowering his voice to a whisper. “And my father forced me into service to earn a living.”

“That sucks,” Riki remarked, after a moment. He couldn’t help but feel a bit of sympathy for the kind youth who waited so patiently on him.

“I don’t mind so much, now,” Daryl replied, smiling. “My life is a little boring, though. You’re the most exciting thing that’s happened around here in years.”

“I’ll bet,” the mongrel snorted, and then fell into a brooding silence.

“Master Iason will be home soon.”

“Like I fucking care.”

“Hush, Riki,” Daryl whispered, looking around the room anxiously.

“What? He thinks the entire world revolves around him!”

“But Riki, the world *does* revolve him. All of Eos, anyway.”

“Well, Eos is not all there is to Amoi. I’d never even heard of him before I came here, you know.”

“But...forgive my saying so...but you’re a *mongrel*, Riki.”

“And what’s wrong with that? Can I help it I was born in the slums? Are you saying you’re not surprised I hadn’t heard of him? Us mongrels don’t know any better, is that it? Or maybe you mean I’m not as good as he is?”

“Well,” Daryl hedged, looking uncertain.

“That’s what you think, isn’t it?”

“Sir Riki,” the eunuch sighed, “I can’t compare you to Lord Mink! It’s...like trying to compare an asteroid with the sun.”

“An asteroid,” Riki murmured, offended. “Sheesh, what a great opinion you have of me. I’m some bloody rock and he’s the center of the universe.”

As if on cue, the penthouse chime sounded at Master Iason’s entrance. Daryl jumped up to wait on him, scurrying across the room, while Riki remained in Iason’s chair, feigning complete indifference to the Blondie’s arrival.

“Master Iason, welcome home. May I bring you some wine?”

“White Moon, Daryl.” Iason’s gaze moved to his chair, where Riki slouched, looking decidedly grumpy and completely disinclined to move.

“Riki,” Daryl whispered. “You’re in Master Iason’s chair.”

“Like I give a fuck.”

Iason gave a small laugh at this, doffing his cape and hanging it on a hook in the foyer. “Don’t tell me you’re going to be difficult again tonight.”

Riki shrugged, looking away.

Daryl tried to signal to him, waving his hand so furiously that he looked like a small injured bird trying to take flight.

“It’s no use, Daryl. Riki has decided he’s going to be obstinate again. Isn’t that right, pet?”

The mongrel glared at him. “I hope you don’t think you’re going to keep me here forever as your little sex toy. I wanna go home. Let me go!”

“I’ve already told you. You *are* home. And if I choose to keep you as a sex toy, that is my prerogative.”

“You’re so full of yourself! *Mr. Blondie*,” the mongrel spat contemptuously.

“Why must you be like this tonight?” Iason sighed, approaching the chair. “Stand up, and let me sit down. I want to hold my pet.”

“I’m not a plaything! I don’t want to be held.”

“Up,” Iason commanded, lifting Riki from the chair by his ear. “Obey me, pet.”

“Ow!” Riki scrambled to his feet, hands on his hips as he stared up at the towering Blondie. “I told you, I’m not your pet.”

At this, Iason suddenly seemed to lose all patience, sitting down with a great sigh. “Riki, I am not going to argue with you about this again. Must you ruin the evening? Now, be a good boy and come sit on my lap.”

“No!”

“I told you to obey me. Or shall I discipline you?”

“Everything has to be *your* way. It’s so unfair.”

“Did you hear me, Riki? I’m warning you, I will punish you.”

“You’re a sadistic fuck, you know that?”

This insult seemed to unglue poor Daryl, who began running nervously around the room aimlessly as though unable to find a purpose.

“Daryl. Stop running about.”

“I’m sorry, Master,” he murmured, looking anxious toward Riki.

The mongrel continued to stand, hands on hips, his eyes gleaming with defiance.

“Riki, this is your last chance. Obey me, and come sit on my lap.”

“Fuck off.”

Exasperated, Iason stood up, seizing the mongrel by the arm. “Very well. You want to be punished, I take it? Daryl, bring me my crop whip.”

“Yes, Master!” Daryl rushed over to the closet where the Blondie kept his riding things. He found it a bit unusual that the Blondie was opting to use his crop whip, but after the incident with the C-20 kasey, he imagined perhaps Iason was wary of emission whips.

Riki struggled futilely against the Blondie’s trajectory as he made his way to the cabinet where the pet chains were kept. Daryl joined them, crop whip in hand. Despite Riki’s best efforts to avoid being stripped and chained up again, he found himself once again naked and manacled, spread-eagled, in the great hall, in the very fashion he had so despised during his first few days at the penthouse. Only this time, Iason chained him facing the wall.

“Fucking prick! Bastard!”

Iason moved close behind him, leaning to whisper in his ear. “You *will* obey me.” He brushed a bit of Riki’s hair behind his ear, then continued, “And since you insist on behaving like an animal, I’m going to treat you like one. Daryl.” Iason held out his hand to retrieve the crop whip, and the eunuch stepped forward, handing it to him.

The Blondie took the whip and slid it teasingly down Riki's backside and between his legs. "I'm going to whip you, and then I'm going to ride you," he announced.

"I don't care how much you punish me, you'll never own me," the mongrel answered.

"Oh? We'll see about that."

With that, the Blondie stepped back and gave Riki a nice smarting strike with the whip.

Riki winced, but made no sound.

Iason struck again, this time on the mongrel's thighs. "Naughty pet."

A third strike, and this time Riki made a small sound, straining against his manacles.

"Feeling that, are we?" the Blondie taunted, whipping his arm back and striking him again. After a few more strikes with the crop whip, Riki's defiance began to crumble.

"It stings," he whispered.

"I'm sure it does." Iason continued to work him with his whip. "Perhaps you'll obey me now?"

"Oh!"

"What's that? Was that a yes?" Now Iason seemed to strike even harder, as though deliberately increasing the magnitude of Riki's suffering.

"Ouch! Ah...all right! I'll obey you!"

"Good. However, your punishment isn't quite finished." Iason continued with the whipping, ignoring Riki's pleas, until he felt the mongrel was sufficiently punished for his rebellion. When at length he brought the discipline to an end, he tossed the crop whip aside, pressing up close behind his pet, who was trembling and struggling not to cry.

"That fucking hurt," the mongrel complained.

"Of course it did. That's why it's called punishment. Perhaps next time you'll obey me right away, since we both know you'll obey me eventually. However if I have to force you to obey me with a bit of discipline, I won't hesitate to do so again."

Standing so close to the naked mongrel had aroused the Blondie; he unfastened his trousers, freeing himself, and began rubbing his cock up against Riki's ass.

Riki remained quiet, trying not to breathe harder, though the Blondie's erotic movements against him had already provoked an erection, one that he was not at liberty to either hide or encourage, with his arms and legs manacled and spread wide.

Iason reached around with a gloved finger, playing with the mongrel's lips, and was surprised when Riki bit down, hard. He whipped his hand away, staring at the blood that stained his glove red, his brow furrowed with anger.

"Now it's time for my ride," he announced, grabbing hold of Riki's hips and penetrating him fully.

The mongrel struggled not to cry out, his body shaking as he tried to adjust to the Blondie's enormous girth. Iason simply remained inside him, not moving, his cock pressed deep inside, forcing Riki to accommodate him, but waiting for full dilation.

Riki swallowed, blinking back tears. The pain was excruciating. He felt like he had just been ripped open. Although penetration was always a source of discomfort, up until now the Blondie had been fairly gentle with him. His entering him fully without preparation was something new. On top of this, his backside was burning from Iason's whipping.

"This is punishment as well," Iason whispered, relishing the mongrel's discomfort. Now Iason began to move a bit, wiggling in deeper, pulling back on the mongrel's hips as he began a slow, intoxicatingly sensual fuck. "The sooner you come to accept that you belong to me, the easier it will be on you. You're only hurting yourself by rebelling."

"I don't belong to you or anyone else. The sooner *you* accept that, the easier it will be for *you*."

Iason laughed at this, his fingers digging into Riki's hips as he began thrusting harder. "Tell me something, Riki. Are all mongrels as obstinate as you?"

"Are all Blondies as arrogant as you?" Riki shot back.

“Whether or not I am arrogant makes no difference. You are my pet. As such, you will do as I say. And you can start by being a bit more respectful. Or would you like me to use the whip again?”

Riki swallowed, ashamed of his burgeoning arousal. It was hard to maintain a position of defiance when his body betrayed him. Iason, sensing a shift in his mood, slowed down the cadence of this fuck, moving his pelvis in a slow, provocative circle. Then he removed a glove with his teeth, tossing it aside and examining his finger, which still had a bit of blood on it from the mongrel’s bite. He reached around and found that Riki was fully erect.

“Why do you continue to resist me? It’s obvious this gives you pleasure.”

Riki made no reply, closing his eyes and biting his lip as the Blondie began stroking him.

“You swell instantly at my touch. You were born to be my pet, Riki.”

“Please,” the mongrel murmured.

“Yes, my pet?” The Blondie buried his face in Riki’s hair, inhaling its distinctive, earthy scent.

“Please stop.”

“Why do you say one thing, when your body says another?”

“Please. *Please!*” Riki begged desperately, as he felt his essence rising. It was too late; he was coming, whether or not he wanted to.

Iason pumped him silently, slowly moving inside him, waiting for his pet’s sex cry. Riki was just on the verge. Iason was at the brink as well, but he controlled his ascent, slowing his pace and finally stopping completely as he waited for the critical moment.

“Oh god,” Riki cried. There was nothing he could do; he ejaculated, his semen evidence of his inability to resist his Blondie Master.

Iason immediately climaxed as well, driven over the edge when he heard the mongrel’s cries. For a long moment he continued to stand, relishing his pleasure. Then he became aware that Riki had begun to weep. He reached around and caught a tear on his finger, marveling at it.

“Hush now, my pet,” he soothed.

“Why must you degrade me?” Riki whispered.

“Degrade you? I was punishing you.”

The mongrel made no reply, but continued to weep. Iason found that he was affected by his pet’s tears. He uncuffed him, and then picked him up, carrying him to the Master bedroom. Daryl followed him, standing just outside the door with a first aid kit.

“Bring that kit here, Daryl,” Iason commanded, as he lay Riki on the bed.

“Don’t put that stingy stuff on me,” the mongrel begged, wiping his tears with his arm.

“No arguments,” Iason replied, rolling him onto his stomach. “I don’t want you getting infected. Daryl, hold him down for me.”

Despite howls of protests, Daryl and Iason managed to give Riki the medical attention that was needed. Afterwards the eunuch was dismissed and Iason continued to sit with his pet.

“I hope you’ve learned something from this,” Iason began.

“Please! Not another lecture!”

“I shall lecture you if I choose to,” the Blondie scolded, though he reached out and began stroking the mongrel’s hair. “When will you learn that your rebellions only hurt you? You gain nothing. When I command you to do something, you’ll do it. If I have to discipline you first, so be it. But in the end, you *will* submit to me.”

Riki sighed, deciding that it was futile to argue with the Blondie.

“Now, after your behavior this evening, I really shouldn’t do this, but it happens that I brought a present for you today.”

At this, the mongrel perked up. He liked presents—though the only other present he had received in his life had also been from Iason. “A present?”

“Yes.” Iason smiled at Riki’s transparent excitement, finding it endearing. “Are you going to be a good pet for me now?”

“Yeah, okay,” the mongrel agreed.

“Good.” Iason reached into a pocket, and pulled out a small, razor thin package wrapped in red paper. It had a tiny bow on it. “For you, my pet.”

Riki reached for it eagerly, sitting up. "What is it?"

"The custom is to open the gift, Riki," Iason laughed. "Then you will find out what it is."

Riki did so, opening the package carefully, with trembling fingers. Inside he found a thin, iridescent object, rectangular in shape. "What is it?" he asked, turning it over in his hand.

"It is a portfolio card. You can use it to purchase things from our computer. Daryl will show you how. It has 100,000 credits on it."

"100,000!" Riki cried, unable to put his mind around the sum. "Are you sure?"

Iason laughed. "Yes, I am quite sure, pet."

"You mean I can get anything I want?"

"Yes, with a few restrictions. You may not purchase weapons or anything that requires my approval or that is a prohibited import, or anything that is off-limits for a pet. But other than that, you may buy anything you like. The card will automatically open the Quadrant Retail Gateway, so you can purchase anything within the Quadrant. That includes Xeron, Aristia, Icaria, Gardan, and Alpha Zen."

Riki was so delighted with the gift, he didn't even try to hide it. He reached up and kissed Iason on the cheek. "This is bloody awesome," he announced.

The Blondie laughed softly, thrilled with Riki's reaction. "So you see, Riki, this evening could have been much more pleasant. You're my pet, and I want to make you happy. This is just a token of what's in store for you. So be a good boy."

The mongrel nodded, deciding that perhaps being Iason's pet wasn't quite so bad, after all. At any rate, he might as well enjoy the gifts. 100,000 credits was a sum so huge he hardly knew what he would do with it. And besides, the Blondie had a wicked arm, one that he was not in a hurry to feel again.

"I want another kiss," Iason demanded. "On the lips."

Smiling, the mongrel obliged him. And thus Riki's rebellion came to an end...for that night, at least.



# Day at the Dome

“Pet,” Iason said softly, after watching Riki staring abjectly out the window for a few minutes. “Come here.”

The mongrel turned to him, frowning, though he obeyed, approaching him and crawling up onto the Blondie’s lap when prompted.

Iason put his arms around him, smiling at his dejected expression. “Now. Let’s have it. What’s making you pull such a face?”

Riki shrugged, twirling a strand of the Blondie’s hair around his finger. “Nothing.”

“Hmmm? Are you going to answer me? You’ve been sitting by that window, staring outside for nearly an hour. Tell me what’s on your mind.”

“If I tell you, you’ll just say ‘no’,” Riki answered.

Iason’s eyes twinkled. “Ah. I see. There’s something you want, am I right?”

“Maybe,” the mongrel agreed.

“What makes you so sure I’ll refuse you?”

“Because you never like to do anything fun. Your idea of fun is sitting around all night reading some dumb old journal.”

“Riki,” Iason laughed, “that’s hardly fair. I do enjoy reading, but that doesn’t mean I don’t enjoy other things as well.”

“What do you do, that’s fun?” Riki challenged.

“I enjoy my time with you, especially in bed,” the Blondie answered in a soft voice. “You seem to enjoy it too, or am I wrong?”

“I mean besides that.”

“You do enjoy it, don’t you?” Iason pressed.

“What difference does it make? You’ll make me do stuff whether I like it or not,” Riki replied saucily.

The Blondie frowned. “Are you saying you don’t enjoy our time together in bed?”

Riki sighed, rolling his eyes as though exasperated. “I enjoy it. That should be obvious.”

“I thought so.” Iason pulled him a little closer, wrapping his arms more tightly around him.

“You didn’t answer my question.”

“Hmmm?”

“I asked you what else you do that’s fun.”

“Ah. I suppose...I do rather enjoy a good lecture, or debate,” Iason replied. “Or perhaps a visit to a museum.”

“See? That’s just what I’m talking about. No offense, but you Blondies are boring as hell and you do NOT know how to have a good time. Except maybe that one friend of yours—Omaki Ghan. He has something going for him, but the rest of you are hopeless.”

The Blondie smiled lovingly at him, tolerating his insults without the slightest bit of anger. “What is it that you want to do so badly? There’s somewhere you want to go, am I right?”

The mongrel pet sighed. “Yeah.”

“Where is it that you would like to go?” Iason prompted.

“You’ll say no.”

“Perhaps I will and perhaps I won’t. How will you know unless you ask?”

Encouraged, Riki looked up hopefully at the Blondie, his eyes wide like a child’s. “See, it’s just that...the Xeronian Amusement Dome is open now in Midas. And I’ve never been to it and I can see it from the window, some of the big rides anyway, and it looks all colorful and exciting and I want to go, I really want to go.”

“I see,” Iason whispered, enjoying the animated look on Riki’s face as he described the carnival. “Is that what you were looking at, all this time?”

Riki nodded. “Yeah. You can see the big ones—there are all these loops and things going up and around in circles and then

backwards and sideways, and it looks so much fun! I want to go? Please? I've never been—we always tried to sneak in, Guy and the others in Bison, that is, whenever they came to Amoi, of course, but those asshole security guards would never let us get past the entrance."

"And if I took you to the Dome, would you be very happy, Riki?" Iason whispered.

"Oh! Fuck yeah I'd be happy! What, are you saying we can go?!"

"Will you be very good for me in bed tonight, if I take you?"

At this, Riki immediately changed his demeanor, switching positions to straddle the Blondie. He rocked up against him provocatively, deliberately targeting Iason's groin. "I'd be so fucking good. You'd come so hard it would hurt."

Iason slid his hands down to the mongrel's waist, his eyes smoldering with lust. "Tell me what you'd do."

"I'll...wear something special I know you'd like and dance for you, you know, how those pets at the clubs dance in your lap? And I'll suck your cock so good, with my tongue and all, you know, sucking you and licking and wiggling back and forth, and can we please go? Also, can we ride the BIG rides? Not the baby rides."

The Blondie adjusted himself, having immediately sprung an erection at the mongrel's seductive talk. "Tell me what else you'd do."

"I'll do anything you want! You can fuck me as hard as you want, or tie me up, or spank me first, or rub oil all over my body—you name it, I'll do it."

"Anything I ask for?" Iason breathed, lifting Riki's shirt to reveal his nipples. He hooked a nipple ring on his smallest finger, pulling the mongrel closer. "You'll do anything, pet?"

Riki shrugged. "Yeah, of course. I mean, what can you possibly have me do that we haven't already done?"

Iason licked his lips. "Promise me," he urged, his voice lowering to a whisper.

Riki pressed his forehead against Iason's, looking him dead in the eyes. "I promise."

"Oh, Riki," Iason breathed, shivering instinctively and moving his hands around to the mongrel's ass. His cock swelled up with anticipation as he contemplated an enthusiastic session with his beloved pet, one in which Riki had promised to do *anything* he wanted.

"Hey, when we're this close, you have three eyes," Riki observed, pulling back suddenly. "That's creepy, actually. So, does this mean we can go?"

"I haven't decided yet." The Blondie was now painfully aroused and was reconsidering the afternoon's agenda; he was strongly tempted to take Riki to his bed right then and there, the Xeronian Amusement Dome be damned. But, of course, he knew his pet would sulk the entire time if the proposed outing were abandoned. And if he were to collect on Riki's promise *before* they ventured out for the day, the mongrel would be too distracted about the Dome to give him the attention he so desperately wanted.

"Please?" Riki arched his back provocatively, biting his lip as wiggled up against Iason's obvious erection. "I'll be so good tonight. I really want it, and you always say you'll take me places but then you never do. Come on, it'll be fun. You've been on rides like that before, right?"

"Oh yes," Iason answered, his voice softening as he remembered his younger days at the Academy, when he, Raoul, Omaki, Heiku, Xian, and Yousi had often gone to the Dome together, enjoying hours of truly terrifying rides and teasing each other all the while about being too scared to ride the biggest rides—the ones that only Xeronians or very drunk Elites dared try.

Riki's eyes were wide with excitement. "Yeah? It was fun, right?"

"After a fashion, I suppose."

"What's that supposed to mean? You didn't have fun?"

"I didn't say that. Only, some of those rides are rather...startling. Those Xeronian engineers come up the strangest

ideas. There was one ride, in particular, I recall, which flipped us up into the air—all six cars—and then we became detached from the main ride. The cars rolled up into a sphere and we ended up rolling down another long rail until we finally met up with the first part of the ride, the sphere uncurling and snapping back into place so that we could continue on from there. Terrifying, to say the least.”

“Sounds awesome!” Riki exclaimed.

“We thought it was malfunctioning, at the time,” Iason remembered, shuddering a little as he recalled their screams when their cars had unexpectedly detached and gone hurling through the air. But he couldn’t help but smile a little, remembering the way Raoul had shook his fist in the air, yelling at the top of his lungs, “Blasted Xeronians! Foul contraption! Just wait until I get off this car!” as if the architects of the ride would be conveniently waiting at the exit gate for him to accost at the ride’s end. It was on this very ride that Omaki Ghan conceived the idea for his most illustrious enterprise.

*“I’m with you, Raoul,” Omaki announced, clinging desperately to the immobilizer bar and looking a bit green. “I’ll build a special palace of punishment where we can give them what they deserve.”*

*“What a delightful concept,” Yousi remarked, seeming, of everyone there, the least concerned with their immediate peril. “Only why limit it to the Xeronians? Punish everyone! Pets, Elites, you name it! Call it: the Palace of Pain.”*

*“Why limit it to punishment? You might as well make it a brothel, too,” Xian suggested.*

*“Oh, my,” Omaki murmured. “I’ve just had a thought. An epiphany! I see a gigantic, immense penis, jutting up into the night sky. There could be a fountain at the top!”*

*“Jupiter would never let you build such a thing,” Iason chided.*

*“A tower, then. The Taming Tower! That’s it! I’ll get Megala to build it!”*

*“Kattahar’s Fire, when is this ridiculous ride going to end?” Heiku moaned.*

*“What are you griping about?” Yousi demanded. “Coming to the Dome was your idea, Heiku.”*

*“Don’t take that tone with me, or I’ll be the first to book a room in Omaki’s Tower,” Heiku threatened with a playful, loving smile.*

*“Yes, please, get a room,” Xian said wryly, when the couple began necking.*

*“How can you kiss at a time like this?” Raoul demanded, though he glanced at Iason with transparent longing.*

Iason blinked when Riki snapped his fingers in front of his eyes. “Hey! Where d’you go? You looked like you were on some other planet!”

“I was just recalling how horrifying that ride was,” Iason answered.

“I’m not scared,” the mongrel asserted. “I really *really* want to go. Please? And then we’ll do whatever you want, when we get back.”

“Hmmm.” Iason considered him for a moment, melting at the way his eyes shone with eager anticipation. It was hard to resist anything his pet asked for. No, it was useless. If the mongrel asked for the moons, Iason would probably find a way to give them to him. Besides, if Riki was in a good mood from a day at the Dome, maybe he *would* be especially attentive during their more intimate moments together. The Blondie longed for a sensual lovemaking session with Riki, one where he really felt the mongrel was responding—not just performing because he felt he had to.

“Please?” Riki repeated, assaulting him next with pleading, puppy-dog eyes.

“Very well, since you want it so very much, my little wolf cub,” Iason agreed, kissing the mongrel on the forehead. “But afterwards I expect you to make good your promise.”

“Holy shit! For real? Woo hooooooooo!” Riki jumped up and began dancing around the room, leaping up into the air and cheering loudly. “We’re going!” He raced back over to the window, his arms up in a victory salute. “This is going to be brilliant!”

The Blondie couldn't help but smile at his reaction, though his smile quickly faded. It was rare to see his pet so excited and happy about anything, and this realization filled him with sadness and a powerful sense of longing. He hoped Riki truly would save some of his enthusiasm for the bedroom, as he had promised.

Daryl, who had been in the kitchen, came out into the great hall to see what all the commotion was about.

"Daryl! He's taking me to the Dome!" Riki reported.

Daryl gave Iason a questioning look, a little surprised with the announcement. Such an outing seemed out of character for the Blondie, who rarely ventured into Midas, the city of pleasure, for anything, save an occasional trip to check in on Katze and the warehouse inventory that supplied Ceres with its black market goods.

"Yes, we're going to the Dome," Iason confirmed. "I imagine we'll be gone the rest of the day. You're welcome to join us, Daryl."

"Thank you, but, I'll stay here," the gentle-eyed youth murmured, looking decidedly fearful. He had no desire to go on any ride made by the Xeronians. The Icarian Amusement Dome, he'd consider, perhaps, but not the XAD.

"Aw, come with us, Daryl!" Riki pleaded. "We're going on the BIG rides!"

"I don't like rides much," Daryl answered. "They make me sick. I'm sorry, Riki."

The mongrel shrugged, looking a bit perplexed at his refusal. How could anyone not want to go to the Dome? "Your loss, I guess."

"Will you be wanting lunch first?" Daryl asked, turning back to Iason.

"No, they'll be plenty of food there. I will take a drink, though, before I go. Let's see. I suppose, in honor of the day, we'll make it a Xeronian White."

"Yes, Sir." Daryl rushed over the bar as Riki continued to bound around the room. The mongrel was positively giddy over their proposed trip, smiling and humming a strange little tune to himself.

“Riki,” Iason said softly.

“Yeah?” Riki turned to him, breaking out into a breathtaking grin.

“Come here.”

“But I’m too excited to sit your lap now!”

“Come here anyway; there’s a good pet.”

Riki made his way over to the Blondie and, just before reaching the chair, suddenly did a handstand, for no apparent reason.

“Careful!” Iason cautioned, just as the mongrel lost his balance and went crashing to the floor.

“Ow.” Riki rubbed his bottom, frowning.

“What made you do that? Were you trying to break your neck?” Iason demanded, a little exasperated.

“I’m just excited,” the mongrel explained with a grin.

“You need to settle down, or we’re not going anywhere. Now, come here and sit on my lap, like I told you.”

“All right,” Riki agreed reluctantly. He got up and squirmed onto the Blondie’s lap, breathing hard from his exertions.

Iason put his arms around him and pulled him close. “There, now. That’s better.”

“I’m sweaty,” Riki announced.

“Your drink, Master,” Daryl murmured, handing Iason the glass of Xeronian wine.

“Ah. Very good,” Iason replied, taking the drink. “Daryl, you may have the rest of the day off, today.”

“What?” Daryl gazed back at the Blondie as if in disbelief. “The whole day?”

“Yes. And we won’t need any dinner until late, tonight. In fact, you can just leave us a very small meal, as I imagine we’ll eat something at the Dome. I’ll expect you back, if you leave the penthouse, by seven in the morning.”

Daryl nodded, his mind racing. A whole day and night! He’d call Katze, of course. There would be enough time to do all sorts of things! He finally backed away and retired to his room when it became evident that Iason was waiting for him to leave.



“Don’t forget your promise,” the Blondie whispered into Riki’s ear. “Tonight, when we get back, you’re going to be enthusiastic for me, isn’t that right?”

“Right,” the mongrel confirmed, swinging his leg a bit impatiently.

“I’m counting on it.”

“Can we go?” Riki moaned.

“As soon as I finish my wine.”

“But you take forever when you drink! You just take little sips, we’ll miss practically the whole day!”

“Riki,” Iason laughed. “Quit acting like a boy.”

“I *am* a boy,” he protested.

“A *little* boy,” Iason clarified.

“Oh. Well, I’m not trying to act like anything, I just want to go!”

“As I said, we’re not going anywhere until you calm down.”

Riki gave an exaggerated groan, falling back against the Blondie as though having just died.

“Pet,” Iason scolded. “Act your age.”

“I don’t know my age,” Riki answered, keeping his eyes closed.

“Well, you’re not a child.”

“Good point. So why am I sitting on your lap?”

“Because it pleases me,” the Blondie whispered. “But that doesn’t give you license to act like a child.”

“Are you going to nag at me the whole day?”

“Watch that tone, pet, or we’ll spend the rest of the day here,” Iason warned, taking a sip of his wine.

Riki opened one eye. “Take a bigger drink than that! We’ll never leave at this rate!”

“Someone wants a spanking.”

“*Someone* is annoying the crap out of someone else,” the mongrel grumbled.

“Did you not hear me? I’ll turn you over my knee and spank you so hard you won’t be able to enjoy any of the rides. Keep it up, pet, and you can count on it. Shall I get the paddle out now?”

Riki, tempted to offer a scathing reply, managed to hold his tongue, though he squirmed uncomfortably on Iason's lap.

"Stop wiggling," the Blondie scolded.

Riki sighed, trying very hard to remain motionless.

Iason smiled and kissed his cheek. "There's a good pet."

"You are the slowest drinker in the universe," Riki groaned, twirling a strand of the Blondie's hair around his fingers. "I mean, I'm just observing, not complaining."

"So, you really don't know your age?"

"Not precisely. I don't know when I was born."

"Do you mean to tell me you've never celebrated your birthday?"

"Why does that surprise you? Of course I've never celebrated my birthday," Riki answered, his voice softening as he reflected on this fact. "I've never even been to a birthday party, though I saw one once, at a park, a long time ago."

"Well, then. Perhaps we'll have to do something about that," the Blondie announced.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, I'll throw you a birthday party," Iason promised.

At this, Riki sat up straight. "Seriously? A birthday party?"

"Yes."

"That would be—you mean with presents and everything?"

"Of course, with presents," the Blondie answered, smiling.

"And cake? With frozen creams?"

"Would that please you?" Iason asked.

"That would be bloody awesome," Riki averred. "I never had a party. But who would come? I can't invite my old friends, I suppose."

"No," the Blondie agreed. "I'll ask some of the more prominent Blondies to come to the penthouse for an afternoon tea, and to bring their pets for your party. It would be a good opportunity for you to meet some of the other pets." Iason had avoided exposing Riki to the usual forum for socializing with other pets—Pairing Parties—because he didn't care to see the mongrel paired with

anyone else, despite pressure from Raoul and others to give him a formal showing.

“That would be nice,” Riki agreed. “I miss having friends around. It gets lonely here. If it weren’t for Daryl I would have probably already gone out of my mind.”

“Are you lonely, even with me?” Iason’s eyes glistened with hurt.

“Well, you’re gone most of the time, at work,” the mongrel answered evasively. Then he quickly changed the subject. “So when can we have this party?”

The Blondie considered the matter for a moment as he sipped his wine. “As soon as I can work out all the arrangements. Would that make you happy, then, to have a party, my pet?”

“Yeah,” Riki answered, smiling. “I’ll admit, I’d really like one.”

“Then, I’ll see to it,” Iason promised. He drained his wine glass and then set it down on the table by his chair. “There now. I’ve finished my wine; give me a kiss—and I mean a real kiss—and then we’ll go.”

The mongrel happily obliged him, shifting his position to straddle him again. The Blondie smiled expectantly. Riki leaned forward and gave him a slow, sensual kiss, burying his fingers in Iason’s hair as he cupped his hands around his head.

Iason let his head fall back against the chair, delighting in his tongue, which moved against him ever so sweetly, filling his mouth with wondrous sensations and his heart with excruciating longing. When Riki pulled away, Iason seized him and pulled him close for another kiss, his body trembling with want and painful need. “Oh, pet,” he breathed, burying his face along the soft, vulnerable expanse of the mongrel’s throat, which he then explored with a series of gentle bites and kisses.

Riki closed his eyes and tilted his head to one side, allowing this incursion, his mouth parted slightly. “Remember, tonight I’ll do whatever you want.”

“I’m not sure I can wait until then.” Iason thrust his pelvis up against the mongrel to make his meaning clear.

“It will be better if you wait,” Riki answered, worried that their trip to the Dome was about to be delayed. He was anxious to go, even if what the Blondie was doing was admittedly arousing.

“Touch me, before we go,” Iason commanded, as he unfastened his pants to reveal his erection.

“If I do that, you won’t want to go,” the mongrel protested, frowning.

“Touch me, all the same.”

Riki sighed. “All right.” He took the Blondie’s cock in his hand, stroking him lightly with his fingers. “There. I touched you. Can we go?”

Iason put his own hand over Riki’s when he tried to pull away, forcing him to continue. “Just a little more.”

“If you’re not careful, you’ll spend yourself, and then you won’t enjoy tonight as much.”

“I’ll enjoy it,” Iason assured him. “Get on your knees, Riki.”

“You really want me to do that? You won’t be able to resist coming.”

“I want your mouth on my cock,” the Blondie hissed.

The mongrel obeyed, deciding there was no use resisting, when Iason was in such a mood. He got on his knees and took the Blondie’s organ in his hand, lapping up the errant drops of seed that coated the head.

“Yes,” Iason whispered. “Open your mouth.”

Riki did so and the Blondie gave a great sigh as he thrust into his pet’s mouth. He closed his eyes, shuddering.

“Hmmm ngat kap,” Riki warned.

“What?”

Riki withdrew. “You’re gonna come, if you’re not careful. Don’t you want to wait?”

Iason was silent for a moment, considering. His body was ready for release; but perhaps, as Riki pointed out, it would be better to wait. But just the sight of his pet, on his knees before him, with his cock bumping up against his wet lips, made him wince. How could he possibly wait?

“I think you should wait,” the mongrel insisted. “Think how good it will feel if you put it off for awhile.”

“Perhaps so,” Iason agreed reluctantly.

Riki released him and stood up. “I have to fill the tank before we go anyway,” he announced. “I’ll be right back.”

Iason watched him go as he adjusted himself and refastened his pants, wincing when he touched his swollen member. He was so aroused he could hardly bear it. His one comfort was that it would be especially exciting spending the day with Riki, knowing what was coming that evening.

\*~\*~\*

“This one next,” Riki exclaimed, pointing to a particularly tangled-looking ride that seemed to go on forever, disappearing in the distance behind a forest of trees. These were gigantic, artificial trees that had been erected inside the Dome to make it seem more like an outdoor park, even though the entire amusement park was topped with an immense, transparent dome to protect from the elements and the unforgiving Amoian sun.

Iason, who had tolerantly accompanied the mongrel all afternoon on one ride after the next, looked far less enthusiastic about boarding yet another one—especially that one. “Suppose we have something to eat first,” he countered. “Aren’t you at least thirsty?”

“Yeah, that might be nice,” Riki agreed, his attention diverted by an Elite child who was enjoying a stick of fluffy candy floss. “Hey! Can I have some candy floss?”

“That’s entirely made of sugar,” Iason answered, frowning.

“I know! I had some once—at the Orphanage, well, it was only a piece of it, when this Elite kid came to visit us, with his father, I guess. You should have seen him! He was all high and mighty, wearing his fancy clothes with those shiny buttons, standing there eating candy floss in front of us! He made a face at me and I grabbed a handful of floss and managed to eat it before I got carted

over to the Director's office for a caning." Riki winced, remembering. "That cane hurt something wicked! But it was still worth it. I never tasted anything so good in my entire life!"

"Who was the Elite who came to visit you?" Iason asked, curious.

"I don't know. Oh—his name was, like, Iman, or something."

"Yutaku Iman? Interesting," the Blondie replied, smiling. "Yes, I can see him visiting the Midas Orphanage. But that wouldn't have been his son; he's a Blondie. I imagine that was Janja Urubia who was with him. He was Janja's Culture Instructor, for a time, as I recall."

"Janja," Riki murmured. "Why is that name familiar?"

"That's the Elite who owns Serendipity now," Iason informed him.

"Oh."

There was a moment of silence as both of them awkwardly recalled the incident at the club between Riki, Daryl and Katze. Janja, Riki remembered, had told Iason about their tryst, the next day when they had gone to a party at the Pet Academy.

"So, can I have some floss?" Riki pleaded. "And a drink?"

"Very well," Iason sighed. "But you'll need to eat something more substantial after that."

"Okay," Riki agreed, as they approached one of the vendor carts.

Iason paid for a generous helping of sugar floss and two drinks—bubbly peach juice for Riki, and Atomic Regenerator for himself.

The mongrel peered at the Blondie's reddish-orange sludge, arching a brow. "Is that any good?"

"Would you like a sip?"

"You don't mind getting my germs?"

"Riki," Iason laughed. "We exchange nearly every type of bodily fluid possible."

"Not *every* type, I hope," the mongrel murmured. "But yeah, I see your point. Sure, let me have a sip."

Riki took a drink of the mixture and then spit it out, grimacing.

“Pet,” Iason scolded, a little embarrassed when the Elites near them turned to gawk. “Why did you spit that out?”

“What the fuck?! What the hell are you drinking, generator fluid?”

“It’s quite good for you. It rebuilds the system on a cellular level,” Iason explained.

“But it tastes horrible!”

“One develops a taste for it,” the Blondie insisted. “Now, pet, I’ve got to reprimand you. I’m counting on you to be on your best behavior, Riki. I told you I wouldn’t make you wear your chains, but that was contingent upon you acting appropriately. Spitting out drinks is not appropriate.”

“I couldn’t help it,” Riki protested. “It was the worst thing I’ve ever tasted in my life!”

“Surely you’re exaggerating,” Iason answered.

“Well, it’s true some of the food at the Orphanage was pretty bad too,” Riki recalled. “But still, I think your little drink there wins the prize.”

“Riki, I’m going to have to reprimand you,” Iason repeated, when the Elites near him continued to watch the confrontation.

The mongrel frowned. “Meaning what?”

“Meaning...we’re not going on that ride,” the Blondie clarified, pointing to the ride Riki had picked to board next.

“That’s not fair!” the mongrel exclaimed. “That might be the best ride in the whole park!”

“Pet, you’re not making this easy for me,” Iason said in a low voice. “You can’t talk back to me like this, didn’t I make that clear to you? Maybe I should have brought my taming stick.”

“But I really wanted to go on that one,” Riki replied, sulking.

“Stop pouting. Straighten up this instant, or we’re going home.”

Riki, by some miracle, had the good sense to remain quiet. He unfurled a bit of his sugar floss and popped it into his mouth, closing his eyes to savor the sweetness as it melted on his tongue.

“Mmmm. This is amazingly good.”

Iason, pleased that his pet had actually obeyed him, relaxed. The Elites who had been watching them lost interest and moved away.

“I really do appreciate your bringing me here,” the mongrel continued softly. “It’s been a great day. Thanks, Iason. Sorry I spit out your drink. I guess I should have swallowed it, but I guess I just figured there was something wrong with it.”

The Blondie nodded, satisfied with the apology. They were near a boat ride that Iason remembered from years before; it was intended for children, or Elites who didn’t care for the more aggressive rides. He and Raoul had enjoyed some erotic moments on it, as he recalled.

“We’ll ride this next,” he announced, lifting Riki and putting him into one of the boats before he had a chance to object. He got in beside his pet, smiling at his expression.

“What kind of ride is this?” Riki wondered, eyeing the calm water suspiciously. They were headed inside some sort of dark enclosure, where he could hear music.

The ride was nothing more than a gentle voyage through a series of holographic wonderlands, accompanied by happy music, that was meant to be passively entertaining. The mongrel assessed the situation and almost immediately made his proclamation. “This is a baby ride,” he groaned.

“Finish your drink and your treat,” Iason advised.

“But it’s a baby ride!”

“Just try to enjoy it.”

“But it doesn’t do anything except go forward in this stupid boat, and—hey! What are those?”

“Those are Galathian camels, I believe,” Iason answered, smiling.

“No, I mean those one things—with the spinning rings around them!”

“Ah. Those are Gardanian probes.”

“Those are kinda cool—whoa! What the fuck is that?! Are those planets?”



“That’s a replica of the Quadrant, pet.”

“Really? Which one is Amoi?”

“The green planet. The ones closest to it are Gardan and Icaria, the border planets. And there’s Xeron, the big golden planet.”

“Hey, look! That’s a replica of the Pet Academy, right?”

“Yes,” Iason agreed.

“Are those real pets?”

“They’re holograms.”

“I know that, but I mean, are they based on real pets?”

Iason regarded them for a moment. “I imagine so.”

“Check out the red-headed one! She’s fucking hot!” Riki exclaimed. “Look at that ass!”

Iason put his arm around Riki jealously. “You really find her so attractive?”

“Well, I mean, obviously she’s attractive. That’s objectively true. You think so too, right?”

The Blondie eyed the female pet, frowning. “She is put together well,” he conceded.

“Right,” Riki nodded, grinning.

“Riki,” Iason whispered.

The mongrel turned to get a final look at the pet as the boat moved to the next scene. “Yeah?”

“You are never to touch another pet,” he commanded sternly.

“I know that.”

“If you do, you will regret it.”

“Uh huh.” The mongrel swallowed to hide his discomfort. He didn’t like it when Iason spoke in such a manner. He kept his eyes on the female pet, not even realizing he was doing so.

Iason leaned close, taking hold of his chin to turn his face toward him. “I will punish you night and day,” he promised. “I will...make you wish you’d never been born.”

“Sheesh. Chill out already,” Riki answered, shivering at the Blondie’s cold tone of voice. “I’m not going to do anything.”

Iason was shaking. "You must think I'm a fool. If you were in the same room with that pet, back there, are you honestly saying you wouldn't try to touch her?"

"Would you?" Riki countered.

"I'm sure I could restrain myself," the Blondie answered. "But I'm guessing you couldn't."

"Give me some credit," Riki protested. "Hey. I don't like it, when you're like this. You really need to relax, you know? Thinking about 'what-if' scenarios like that—it's not good for you. It fucks with your head. Trust me, I know what I'm talking about."

Iason made no answer. He was breathing hard, his eyes fixed on the mongrel. "Pet."

"Huh?" Riki returned his gaze, albeit a bit reluctantly. The Blondie was being so intense, it almost frightened him. "Um...hey, do you want some of this candy floss? It's really good."

Again Iason remained quiet. Confused, Riki turned back to the ride, trying to concentrate on the panorama before them. "Hey, wait a minute. This ride is all fucked up! They already had this part—see, there's those probes. And there's those planets. And there's...." The mongrel fell silent as the female pet again came into view. "They already had this," he said finally.

"We're in a loop, pet," Iason explained.

"Oh. Right." Riki gazed sheepishly at the female pet before he realized what he was doing and quickly looked away.

"She arouses you," the Blondie accused, moving a gloved finger over the bulge in the mongrel's pants.

"I was already aroused," Riki replied.

"By what?"

"By being with you, of course."

"Truly?"

Riki nodded. "Yes."

"Which of us arouses you more?" Iason pressed.

"What are you talking about? She's just some dumb old hologram. You know you turn me on. You knew that...from the very

first day. I've never been able to resist you, even though I wanted to. Okay? Is that what you wanted to hear?"

"Riki," the Blondie breathed, "take off your pants."

"What? Here? But we're on a ride! Someone will see us!"

"There's no one else around."

"But someone might get on!"

"I don't care. Take off your pants."

The mongrel peered at their boat. "Well, how are we going to do this, because there's like, no space?"

"Just take them off," Iason insisted.

"You don't want to wait until later, I guess?"

"No. I don't want to wait."

"But what about my candy floss?" Riki asked, holding up the fluffy treat.

The Blondie grabbed it and tossed it aside.

"Hey! I hardly had any of that! And you littered—look, it's next to that barbarian with the axe."

Iason answered him by unfastening his own pants, releasing his massively swollen organ. "Take off your pants. Now."

"All right," the mongrel agreed, deciding it was futile to try and resist. "There. I took them off. What should I—"

Riki was silenced when Iason kissed him, one gloved hand moving down to encircle his cock. Though the mongrel wouldn't have admitted it, the female pet had made him horny as hell. He welcomed Iason's fondling and his kiss, finding the fact that they were engaging in such acts in a public place rather erotic as well.

"Turn around," Iason instructed, finally breaking away.

"Really? But we don't have any lube," Riki protested, even as he obeyed.

"Spread your legs apart and bend over the rail."

"Okay, but, I mean, without lube that might be kinda—oh! Oh yeah. Oh fuck yeah!" Riki gasped and groaned when he felt Iason's hot tongue inside his ass. "I love it when you do this!"

Iason serviced him for a few minutes, shivering each time the mongrel squealed or moaned. Then he stopped and sat back in the boat. "Turn around," he commanded.

Riki did so, his erection jutting out rigidly from his body.

"Shall I pleasure you?" the Blondie offered.

"I'll come the moment you open your mouth," Riki replied. "Do you want me to wait?"

"Can you?"

"Yes."

"Then make me ready and I'll mount you."

"Mount me?" Riki repeated, making a face as he got down on his knees. "That makes it sound like I'm some kind of animal."

"You're my naughty little wolf cub," Iason whispered, resting his hands on the mongrel's head. "I just may spank you tonight."

"What for?" Riki demanded.

"You said I could spank you. The day isn't over. When we get home, I have plans for you."

"I didn't think you'd *seriously* spank me," the mongrel protested. "Are you really going to?"

"Perhaps," the Blondie breathed. "Love me with your mouth, Riki."

"All right," the dark-eyed pet answered. "But if I do a good job, I think you should reconsider spanking me."

"Shhh. Open your mouth; there's a good pet."

The mongrel suckled him for a few minutes, giving the Blondie just the right amount of stimulation to elicit a few delighted gasps and moans, without being in danger of prematurely launching his seed.

Iason arched his back, thrusting himself fully into Riki's mouth. "Oh, pet. That's very good. Turn back around now and bend over the rail."

"I'm about ready to spill," the mongrel confessed, as he assumed the position. "Boy, if anyone gets on this ride now they're in for a real show."

“Hold onto the rail,” Iason instructed. “Bend over a bit further. And spread your legs; that’s it.” He smiled as the mongrel presented himself. “Oh, Riki, Riki.” The Blondie guided his cock into his pet, biting his lip as he penetrated.

“Oh,” Riki winced. “That hurts.”

“Try to relax.”

“I *am* relaxed—try to make your cock smaller!”

“I can’t stop, pet,” the Blondie apologized, as he inched forward a bit more.

The mongrel gave another gasp but then grew quiet as he acclimated to the Blondie’s girth.

“Tell me when it feels good.”

“Right *there*,” Riki directed. “Oh yeah, right there.”

Iason worked him as best as he could, though he had only partially penetrated and was aching for a complete acquisition. He took off his glove and set it down on the seat and then reached around to fondle the mongrel.

“Holy shit,” Riki cried. “Keep doing that!”

“I can’t wait much longer,” the Blondie warned, penetrating a little deeper.

“Oh, fuck!” the mongrel gasped, as his semen was ejected from his body and sprayed against his abdomen and thigh, dripping down onto the seat of the boat. “Fuck yes!”

Iason immediately wiggled completely inside the mongrel, hissing his delight at his pet’s resisting embrace. “Oh pet! You feel perfect—magnificent!” He rocked up against Riki quickly, fucking him with a few short, quick thrusts, struggling not to release right away. “Don’t move,” he admonished, when Riki attempted to change positions.

“I have a cramp in my leg,” the mongrel explained. “Ow!”

“Where is it?”

“The back of my leg—my thigh!”

“Bend over the rail a bit more, that will stretch it. Put your hands on the floor of the boat,” Iason advised, slowing down his cadence for a moment as Riki obeyed.

“Ahhh. That’s better,” the mongrel sighed.

“Oh, Riki,” Iason groaned, enjoying the new position. He tried to draw matters out but found he could not; once again he began fucking Riki quickly, his breathing deepening as he felt his seed rising. It all seemed almost too beautiful to be real, the pleasure was so intense, and it was all building, expanding, and increasing toward the ultimate moment—the moment where he hit just the right spot....

*He was coming!* The Blondie climaxed with a grunt, and then something like a snort, shivering as he ejaculated. “Riki!” he gasped.

The mongrel laughed. “You make the funniest noises when you come. So, that was pretty good, huh?”

“Oh yes,” Iason answered, lingering for a moment before he withdrew and helped Riki up. He put his arms around the mongrel from behind, hugging him. “That was so very good.”

“Yeah,” the mongrel agreed. “Although, the next person who gets into this boat is going to wonder what’s on the seat.”

“Wipe it off,” the Blondie instructed, handing him a handkerchief.

“Hey, cool. This has your initials on it and everything,” Riki remarked, admiring the handkerchief. “Are you sure you want me to wipe my semen on it? This looks really fancy.”

“Do as I told you,” Iason answered. “And then put your pants on. I think I see someone, up ahead, just coming onto the ride.”

“Talk about great timing,” Riki remarked, as he got dressed and cleaned up the mess on the boat seat. “I can’t believe you wanted to have sex in public!”

“Shhhh,” Iason cautioned. “They might be able to hear you.”

“If they had gotten on this ride one minute earlier, they would have been able to see us,” Riki pointed out.

“Don’t argue with me.”

“Whatever,” the answered, rolling his eyes. “Can we get off this ride now? And how do we get off? We just keep going around in circles.”

“We guide the boat out at this exit marker, here,” Iason explained, as he navigated the boat into the alternative channel. Next they were exiting the structure, back outside.

Iason helped Riki out of the boat. At that exact moment, it so happened that Omaki Ghan was walking near the ride, accompanied by his pet, Enyu.

“Hey, look. It’s cat-boy,” the mongrel teased.

“Riki rides baby rides,” Enyu retorted.

Riki frowned. “This isn’t a baby ride.”

“It is,” the Xeronian insisted.

“Iason,” Omaki greeted, nodding to the Blondie. “Here for a nice little outing, it seems?”

“Yes,” Iason answered, nodding to his friend. He acknowledged Enyu with a slight smile. “Enyu.”

“Lord Mink,” Enyu replied sweetly, bowing.

“Please,” Riki snorted, rolling his eyes. “By the way, I’ll have you know I’ve ridden on lots of big rides today.”

“Maybe so, but this is a baby ride.”

“It’s not a baby ride! We went in there to fuck,” Riki explained.

“Riki!” Iason hissed. “Hush!”

Omaki smiled. “Oh? Up to your old tricks in the boathouse again, Iason? Perhaps I’ll have to take Enyu in there for a spell.”

“Fuck him hard,” Riki suggested.

“Oh, I shall indeed,” Lord Ghan answered, winking at the mongrel.

“Pet, I’ll not tell you again,” Iason whispered furiously. “Watch your tongue!”

“Sorry,” Riki murmured, turning his attention back to Enyu. “Anyway, like I said, we’ve ridden lots of big rides.”

“Did you ride the Catapult yet?” Enyu said challengingly, aching his brow.

“The what?”

Enyu pointed to the ride that towered over the entire amusement park. “That one.”

“Now, Enyu, don’t be difficult,” Omaki chided. “No one in their right mind rides that one.”

“I know Riki wouldn’t.”

“I would so,” the mongrel protested.

“Come on along, now, pet,” Iason instructed, putting a hand behind the mongrel as he began walking forward. “Good day to you, Lord Ghan.”

“Lord Mink,” Omaki replied, with a mischievous grin. “You might want to stuff that handkerchief a bit further in your pocket. You do realize you’re missing a glove?”

The Blondie reddened as he realized he’d left his glove on the boat and his semen-stained handkerchief was hanging out of his pocket. “Fiddlesticks,” he mumbled.

“What did you say?” Riki asked.

“I left my glove in the boat.”

“Is that a big deal?”

“It’s rather odd. I don’t know how I shall explain it, should anyone ask!”

“Well, you Blondies are so picky about your white gloves. Surely there’s a stand here that sells them, no?”

At this Iason relaxed. “Yes, of course. I could say I soiled it.”

“Hey, what happened to my drink?” Riki wondered. “And what happened to yours?”

“I don’t know,” the Blondie admitted. “There’s a stand just there—with gloves!”

“Can I have another drink? And not one of those really gross ones you got. I mean another good one.”

“Very well,” Iason agreed. “And we should get some real food, this time. Ah! This looks promising. They have a few delicacies, I see.”

“What the fuck are those?” Riki asked, pointing with horror toward what appeared to be hairy spiders impaled on sticks.

“Those are Xeronian tarantulas, I believe.”

“That’s disgusting!”

“They’re quite good.”



“Do *not* get that. I’ll be sick, if I have to watch you eating that. Hey! What are those?”

Iason peered at the shiny black cubes. “Those are transporter meals. They’ve just come out with them—you break them open and a meal suddenly appears. It’s rather fascinating, actually; I was reading about it in the latest journal.”

“That’s a best seller, right there,” the vendor said eagerly.

“Hey, if they can transport meals, someday they’ll be able to transport us places, too!”

“Perhaps,” the Blondie agreed, picking up one of the cubes and examining it. “Shall we try them?”

“Sure,” Riki agreed.

Iason purchased meals and drinks for them both and a fresh pair of gloves for himself. They sat down at one of the cafe tables, both of them enjoying the novelty of the transporter meals, though neither particularly taken with the taste.

“These suck,” the mongrel announced. “Although it was pretty cool how they just appeared, like that.”

Iason yawned. “I think it’s time we headed home, pet.”

“But I want to ride that big one—the Catapult!”

“I don’t think so,” the Blondie answered, eyeing the ride with suspicion. “It reminds me of another ride I went on once, that proved most unpleasant.”

“Please? Enyu says I’m too scared to ride it! I have to prove I’m not!”

“You have to prove no such thing. We’re going home.”

“Please?” Riki pleaded. “I really want to go on it. Please, it will make the day absolutely perfect, if you let me go on it. I’ll show my gratitude...later.” The mongrel batted his eyes seductively, a little too spent sexually to offer anything more provocative than that.

Iason sighed. “Very well. But this is the last ride we’re going on.”

“Awesome! Let’s do it!”

A few minutes later they were secured inside the cars and Riki was happily humming a little tune as the ride began. He gave a

delighted scream as they went down the first hill and then did a loop de loop, heading up another big hill.

They reached the top of the second hill. Riki screamed when the tracks disappeared beneath them and they went plunging down into the receiving end of an immense catapult.

Iason held his breath, gripping his tunic with one hand. “Sweet Jupiter,” he whispered.

The mongrel held his stomach, groaning. “You’re dead, cat-boy,” he vowed through clenched teeth, as the arm of the catapult swung forward and hurled them at breakneck speed through the air, high over the Xeronian amusement park, while onlookers watched from below, wondering who had been brave—or stupid—enough to get on the infamous ride that the Prince of Xeron had once memorably claimed was “designed by a team of sadists and lunatics.”

High up in the sky, one word could be heard.

*“Cat-booooooyyyy!”*